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Unite Europe

# The Real German View

CHAPTER II

BY

Eugene L. Pearce

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Clearwater, Fla.  
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## CHAPTER II

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## THE REAL GERMAN VIEW

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### CHAPTER II.

On or about January 5, 1915, the writer offered an interpretation of the real German view. Three years and two months later, this interpretation is herewith brought to the present under the conditions named in the foregoing statement. By a mental fore-somersault and an adoption of the first person, singular, I am again a German, with real German views and blighted hopes.

After further consideration, the announcement is made of an advance in the realm of super-thought. This advance has elevated me above the ranks of the lesser statesmen of the Empire. By my own admission I am now one of the hundred men who realized the full significance of international relations years before the war began and who assisted largely in bringing about the epic struggle, yet in its throes.

Needless to say, three years and two months have brought their changes. Events have been transpiring. Blows have been given and blows have been received, and these blows have descended with a certain celerity when one bears in mind the weight of the weapons delivering impact.

As pointed out in the earlier chapter of this brochure, we of the military party made every effort to eliminate the element of chance—to no avail. The Belgians offered an unexpectedly **stubborn** resistance.. We might have called it **heroic**, had it not proved so expensive to the German cause. The French, who usually try to live strictly within the epigrams handed down by the peerless Bonaparte, in some way became mixed.

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\*“More than a man in victory,” is the latter half of the epigram in question; but the French assumed some such attitude before possessing the least right to consider victory within their grasp.

In addition, there were the stolid, miserable English. They entered the war much earlier than we had reason to expect. From that period, however, they have in no wise deceived us, since they have conducted their portion of the misunderstanding with their usual stubborn stupidity. They never seem to know when to abate themselves or their efforts. That is their standing reputation, and once they entered the struggle, they began methodically to make good their evil repute. It is not too much to say that the English have occasioned us very considerable annoyance in the past three years. Certainly their attitude is assured. They say they have been a dominant race for two thousand years; that they will win or die in the open, masters of their fate.

Our Italian ally also acted badly. We had hoped to set up several macaroni factories and ship to them regularly; thereby keeping them peaceful and happy during the period of the struggle. However, they, too, have added the thrust of Brutus to other unexpected events, following our descent from the fastnesses of the Rhine.

At times I almost believe Providence was against our enterprise. Three years and two months ago, it seemed so certain of success, viewed from any of twenty angles. It is now proving somewhat disastrous.

In referring to Providence, I said ‘almost believed.’ ‘Almost’ is a trifle strong, for to be direct, our inner circle does not believe in a Creator or a Providence. This is best proven by the oft repeated appeals to God by our ruler. We never intentionally indicate our thoughts. It is a positive rule to indicate the opposite. The state paper I am now offering the world is probably the first frank statement made by a member of the junker circle in thirty years—except when dealing among ourselves. There is honor—even among ruling Germans.

To express our real belief, however,—there is no such force as ‘Providence.’ There is no such being as God, and where a force or an entity is non-existent, it cannot exert an influence.

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\* Less than a woman in defeat. More than a man in victory.

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It is necessary, therefore, to examine into other causes for the unexpected obstacles which have fallen so untimely across our path.

The fact is we have made mistakes in judgment — errors in initiative, committed **painstakingly** by fifty trained men; errors in policy, the result of years of cogitation.

These policies, now so generally discredited, had passed as axioms into the traditions of the crew — I mean the national service.

Shakespear was a German; so also was Captain Teach.

As has been previously affirmed, in my opinion grave errors of policy were committed after years in which to consider our first overt movements. In quick decision following primary action, our errors were no less marked.

For instance: Had we avoided striking through Luxemburg and Belgium, it is probable that England's statesmen, though clearly foreseeing our intention, could not have gained the consent of public opinion in Great Britian in time to have saved France from destruction. Had we launched such an attack as we eventually launched at Verdun, against the whole Franco-German boundary, how long, unaided, could France have withstood so terrible and continuous an assault by superior forces and facilities?

The result is at least problematical. As a fighting man, hat in hand I bow low to the French. Their resistance at Verdun will be chronicled as one of the decisive battles of six thousand years of strife. Yet remember, we had in our hand a thunderbolt. We held in leash the concentrated force of all northern Europe.

Our campaigns of frightfulness have also had an effect contrary to that intended. These campaigns against the French, the Belgians and the Serbs, in which we have encouraged our soldiers to any and every act calculated to strike terror to the hearts of an enemy, especially the weaker vessels of the enemy, —this policy by which we believed we could exact abject submission, has failed.

It would seem that it has doubly failed. Often failure is a dead, inert thing, possessed of qualities neither positive nor negative. Our failure to achieve results from the policy of frightfulness has not proven to be a neutral asset. It is the most

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active inert mass encountered within our experience and its qualities are distinctly positive.

Not only have we failed to intimidate the enemies against whom we have directed the experiment, but we have roused the feeling of numerous other peoples, non-committal until our methods laid bare our hearts. Now the whole world is swarming upon us like a hive of angry bees; nor do these new enemies, not of our choosing at this time, claim to be merely angry. They assert the possession of an extraordinary feeling of outrage. They term us 'Huns' and 'pirates' and fiends,'—which bodes ill for the defeated.

Without question we have made grave errors in policy. In the innermost chamber, behind castle walls, this fact is privately admitted.

The advantage of an attack through Belgium in no wise compensated for the more serious disadvantage. For three years we have had the British gnawing at our flank. For two, three, four years more they will maintain their grip, if we continue.

The policy of frightfulness has finally brought into existence a condition, at the time somewhat overdrawn by the Kaiser in his earliest public statement following hostilities. Our sword is now **in fact** drawn 'against a world of enemies.'

We extended submarine warfare until its full possibilities had been reached, well knowing that war with the United States would follow,—and this is the result: The entry of the United States makes certain our ultimate defeat. Had the United States remained out of the war, the complications in Russia in all probability would have permitted us to effect a draw — which would have saved us and merely deferred our momentous enterprise a matter of twenty-five years.

We created international law governing submarine attack after we had perfected the submarine and noted its possibilities under the new laws of the sea we were about to enact. It is true that this law in practice recognizes the principle of "no quarter" to combatants, to non-combatant adults, and to non-combatant babes in arms. This technical difficulty, however, in no wise disturbed us. We had previously met and solved the difficulty in Belgium. In the previous instance we gripped the nettle firmly.

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It is well to be decisive in temperament; it is well to be bold, but forcing the United States into the world war was nevertheless the last of a series of mistakes, which sooner or later will cost us dearly. Poor judgment on our part it was. We were not able to synchronize the stored energies of preparation with the active weapon of execution. Providence! Ba!

With a certain amount of lazy scorn we view the efforts of our enemies to fix the responsibility of this war. They proceed with the most cautious and painstaking logic. Bit by bit, thread by thread they build their web. A most conservative lot. Nothing they leave unturned. They poke their noses into every cranny and sniff before recording one more damning point to show the evil intention of the Prussian.

Ach! How they labor, piling up their grains of sand, making their cob-web, without a broken thread.

They do all this to clear the situation for the numbskulls, who are ninety per cent of democracy. They make their points guardedly, with conservatism. Conservatism is supposed to be an evidence of strength in reserve. Subjectively, it is merely the evidence of craft or timidity. Objectively, it is a crumb of fact or a crumb of something fed to a very small fish.

Rather for me is the conservatism of the eagle, which rises from a solid crag of the mountain-side and soars boldly where the sky is thick with clouds and the winds of heaven blow.

Instead of "J'Acuse!" with its four hundred and odd pages of intricate logic, crawling painfully from one point of established fact to the next, I shall state the situation tersely and bluntly, and because it happens to be the truth, I defy any living man to detect a flaw in the statement about to be made. I defy such an one to produce a sequence of facts which in any respect will contradict the matters I am about to set forth. I say 'sequence' advisedly, since isolated facts can be produced to prove any hypothesis ever offered by the human brain.

To the statement: Many years ago there grew in the minds of those who ruled the German peoples an idea,—a fixed idea; a very comprehensive idea. When the work or the sport of the day was over, this idea was touched on. At the hunting lodge, at the end of the chase, over a haunch of venison and a flagon of ale, we discussed it casually, yet guardedly.

Casually we examined and turned this idea; but remem-

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ber: within the whim of the least of those who considered this thing so casually, there was life and death to less favored mortals.

The idea slowly grew. At first it had seemed an idle dream, since the chief requisites other than power were boundless ambition and instruments almost monstrous.

Still, the idea possessed an extraordinary fascination. We were rich; we were powerful. We had everything required for personal comfort or the pride of man. Yet it is animal nature to want the thing which is withheld; to want just a little more; to continue to want and never be satisfied, however great and overflowing the horn of plenty.

From the standpoint of feasibility, consider well the power at our command, with which we had good reason to assume we could achieve the sorrows of Alexander the Great, who wept at last, when he came to the end of the rainbow.

In the German people we had the finest bulk of malleable human forging which ever fell to the high fortune of a monarch. By every test of metallurgy, the compound was perfection. Here was a metal exceedingly malleable, though hard as the finest diamond. To emphasize: In flint-like quality equal to the hardest of stones and in no wise brittle; a metal which would neither rust nor corrode; which could be bent in the fingers like sculptor's clay; yet in the flash of an eye would set an edge to sheer through plates of steel.

I speak of the German people as though we of the so-called junker class were not of the same race. The reader must appreciate a distinction which we carry in our minds: While we are ourselves German, we feel a separateness from the rank and file of the nation which only a thousand years of absolute dominance over them could effect.

We appreciate, however, that as units, the energy of the Germans is more than average; so also have we judged their patience, persistence and courage. We know these qualities well. We have tested them thoroughly by fifty processes. For a thousand years, on a score of battlefields we have exploited the hardihood of the race.

Lastly, accustomed to iron rule, they are peculiarly **amenable to discipline**. This last quality, together with their patience and courage, made them the possibility they were—a possible

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means whereby we expected to do what Alexander and Caesar had failed to accomplish, though Alexander suffered under the obsession of accomplishment.

Looking backward to our lost position of security and power, it is maddening to know how nearly we came to the realization of our dream, and how we risked all and have failed. It is my candid opinion we have failed for all time. With us, the star of empire is setting, and setting in a rose-tinted cloud—a deep, deep rose, which is the hue of blood.

Ignoring for the present that which is yet in store, let us glance backward for a moment and consider the world's problem from the German standpoint, more especially from the standpoint of my class,—the ruling class of the various German states. Given such a force as we possessed three and one-half years ago for conquest and destruction, with bold and insatiable ambition, without scruple or human pity,—what would any group of men have done?

Weigh the three conditions as enumerated carefully. **We believed we had the force.** The second and third qualifications we undoubtedly possessed. We have since proved the latter assertion.

With the facts as suggested, every act and every policy of the German empire during the last three years will correlate. As a hypothesis, if the reader will not accept the unsupported intimation of a Prussian, it is at least so plausible that nothing can be found in all our official acts during the past ten years to contradict it in any vital particular.

There are those who criticise our unskillful diplomacy during the eventful days between July 21, 1914, and August 3rd of the same year. In my opinion, our diplomacy made the most possible of a very awkward situation. The English, the French, the Russian and Italian governments, apprised by some uncanny sense of our intention, humbled and almost debased themselves in an effort to preserve the peace, or at least to place us irrevocably as the deliberate aggressors. That German diplomacy under the conditions stated, was at all able to baffle the issues, provides evidence of considerable adroitness, together with a superlative degree of hardihood. So well did our diplomacy play its part that it was able to convince the usual crop of cranks the world over and a portion of the Irish, that what happened was precisely the opposite to that which **did** happen.

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This footing offered at least **moral ground** to stand on; that is, it gave us sufficient air to inflate our lungs while we hurled back all charges in the teeth of our victims; in the teeth of our intended victims.

Touching on certain features of the diplomatic situation, it is clear that the allies persuaded Serbia to submit to every Austrian demand except relinquishment of sovereignty, well-knowing that we had determined on war. With diabolical cunning they thus persuaded Serbia, crudely attempting to saddle us with the responsibility of all that has followed.

Necessarily our diplomacy had a somewhat stony path to travel when the English, French and Italian governments proposed to Germany that the four states mediate between Russia and Austria over the Serbian matter.

If the difference had been mediated, it would either have been adjusted, snapping the tension; or failing in that, doubtless would have left us in an even more embarrassing position, from a diplomatic standpoint.

This statement is made after mature deliberation; for looking backwards, it seems to me that our prospective enemies had pre-determined on some *casus pacis*. This aggressive peace attitude we were compelled to meet. We therefore had recourse to delay. Austria refused direct conversations with Russia, and we experienced unaccountable difficulty in getting into communication with our ally. It was a time when most delicate maneuvering by our diplomatic service was required. The important consideration was time, to be earned by skillful evasion.

Meanwhile our foreign office and the general staff increased the war tension to such an extent as to force mobilization on the part of other states, particularly Russia. This mobilization constituted a threat against us and our close ally, and once the Fatherland was threatened, we knew that conditions had advanced sufficiently to relieve our diplomacy of further strain. Not, however, until we had vigorously prodded the Russian bear to its hind legs, forced it to put up its paws and growl, could our diplomacy draw a free breath.

It was simple — our plan. No one knows whether Serbian murderers or Austrian plotters destroyed the Austrian heir and his consort. Sufficient it is to say that he was not in the best of standing at the Austrian Court, and his death by foul means

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provided us with the longed-for opportunity to pull the detached trigger which set the huge deadfall crumbling—the civilization of Europe. It gave us the chance to pounce upon the little bear, which brought the big bear to the scene. The big bear was cautious, but by calculated menace we forced a growl from the big bear. We then beat the little bear and brandished our club over the big bear for daring to growl, which forced the ally of the bear to take a hand, as we knew would be the case.

To drop the simile, fearing the French might decline the combat, we attacked them as soon as they refused to promise to keep hands off. I believe they had also flown an aeroplane over Belgium.

True, the procedure did not place our diplomatic service in the most favorable light, but remember: diplomacy had its orders: at all costs war must result from the Seravejo incident. Bearing this fact in mind, as the key to all that followed, the reader must admit that German diplomacy evaded, countered, delayed and seized specious threads of controversy with a skill which was little short of consummate.

As to our place in the sun, we had a place in the sun before the war began. Our place was important and every nation on the globe stood well back from our daylight. We were powerful and the fact was known. No one imposed on us. None attempted to impose.

When, surrounded by a world of enemies, we deliberately provoked a struggle to defend the Fatherland, our attitude was that of a large dog, singling out a smaller dog which happened to be gnawing the only fresh bone. The larger animal approaches slowly, growling ferociously. He is about to be attacked and is attempting to warn off the smaller. Finally in self-defense the aggressor leaps upon the smaller dog.

So far, against all comers, we have maintained our grip on the bones of Belgium.

If I may ask, what law denies our occupation of Belgium? Law—man-made law—is the product of orderly minds and organized force. If German organized force is the greater and more effective force, the present law of the Belgians and the territory they had themselves seized from prehistoric man, must be the law which the Germans in their wisdom have seen fit to offer the Belgians.

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Digressing a trifle, what sometimes causes me a moment of idle wonder is the amenable temper of our people. Men of the various branches of science, literary men, men of the cloth, other learned professions, great merchants—all to some extent men of genius—accept their orders from those who on the whole are distinctly their mental inferiors. They accept our leadership blindly and unfalteringly, for no better reason than that for hundreds of years they have so done, and the habit, I presume, has become ingrained in the living tissues of the cerebellum. They bring immediate genius to bear. We bring forward the traditions of strong-arm sires. Needless to say, it is not all tradition. We are ourselves capable of strong-arm methods. We originated the ‘blood-and-iron’ phrase, and with ‘blood-and-iron,’ theory and practice, we are entirely familiar.

In this greatest adventure since chance or some passing star dropped seeds of the human race upon the earth, we should have succeeded but for the unforeseen efforts of some thirty or forty men scattered over the earth, whom I might characterize as great democrats, were it not for the havoc they have occasioned us and our high hopes. They will not be named here, but in England, in France, in Italy, in America and in Russia, they have cost us dearly.

Only one will I mention—the Russian. What a traitor to vested power he proved. Born of royal blood, he yet preferred to cast his lot with an abstract idea he called Russia—with a concrete swarm of human cattle. He served them well, marching about in snow and rain, spattered to the thighs with his Russian mud—the soil he loved. We could do nothing with him. He even shot one of our secret emissaries.

And now they have deposed him from among them—his peasants—and placed him behind iron bars!

Personally, I shall never incur the gratitude of democracy.

Within our calculations we had not counted on the possibility of a decisive defeat. We had thought in any event to make the contest so exhausting that peace could be ours for the mere suggestion. To date, however, nothing has happened according to any previous experience.

As the struggle continues, we have attempted with greater and greater insistence to stir up dissension within the ranks of our enemies. There are so many of little understanding in

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every country, that fomented dissension on one ground or another has not in previous wars proved a difficult task; but in our present undertaking, we have to date been completely foiled. In all the centers of democracy, men of a certain subtlety occupy the seats of power. Cleverly and continuously they point to our acts, our sentiments, and the naked situation. All the time their armed forces beat at our battlements without ceasing.

In America, we believed that the thousands of Germans living there, had placed for us a Trojan horse in Troy. Our calculations seem to have been falsely based. Many of these Germans have tasted democracy and liked it better than the paternal autocracy of the German Empire. (I might say with truth that we were once a paternal despotism. What we are now no man can say.)

Many of these Germans, sent over a decade or two ago with a far-reaching purpose and intent, have remained true to us. Their influence has been felt in the Congress of the United States, in socialist and labor agitation; but as a practical force, pro-German influence is rapidly losing weight, due to the great and intense preponderance of other opinion. In Russia our planting was far more successful. If we could only have harvested as abundantly in other soils!

At present, we are truly fighting for the Fatherland, or if any must so have it, for the pirates' lair. We fight now mechanically, doggedly, without further hope of realizing the end we aimed at.

The Germans are a plodding and methodical people, and nothing better suggesting itself, we shall in all probability continue to sow the seeds of dissension to the end of the struggle; and because we are not easily discouraged, we shall hope against hope that the resolution of our enemies will crumble before the difficulties in their path. Some sixth sense, however, begins to warn us that the hope will never be realized. Still, we continue to offer up human lives with a lavish hand and trust to the unexpected.

It must be appreciated that the blood we are shedding is German blood and the blood of the countless millions of democracy. This latter loss means to us less than nothing. If we could but destroy democracy en masse, men, women and babes, with one blast of poisonous vapor!

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As for the German blood, we regret it. The red fluid which courses in these hulking clods of flesh is dependable, and therefore valuable. The women are strong and prolific bearers of sturdy sons. These sons we must depend on in life to harvest the grain crops; to tend the herds of cattle; to build swine shelters and rebuild castle towers; to enrich the nation with commerce; to create new inventions in science; to improve offensive weaponry; to fashion new themes in music and add to the store of our literature. Lastly and most important of all—to man our battlements and bow the neck to their overlords.

In death, after giving full and valiant service of the heart and brain, we still have their bodies, of chemical value.

As stated, we regret the German blood which must be shed, for it is worth its measure in old wine. Nevertheless, like any valuable article of commerce, it must be expended by its owners with such judgment as God — as fate has bestowed upon them.

Regarding the theory often advanced, that the German people went into this war, firmly of the belief that they had been attacked and that their attitude was purely defensive, not much need be said. Permit me, however, to affirm that the Germans went in with waving flags and bunting, as though to a joyous adventure. They went not with the stern gravity reflected in the faces of a people who have been attacked at their fire-sides, with the issue in doubt and the stake—their all.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." The giant was in a fairly confident frame of mind.

I will merely add that ninety per cent of the German people are possessed of some shrewdness and a modicum of intelligence. Two thousand years ago, it was considered quite desirable to be a Roman citizen. In 1930, had our great adventure proved sweepingly successful, to be a German would have been equally advantageous. Aye, of much greater advantage; for the Gods and the conscience of the German government have never impeded its policies. Whereas, the ancient Romans, living in a superstitious and less enlightened age, were wedded to certain narrow confines of action. For instance, the Romans made slaves of a conquered and inferior people. Would it not have been better to have eliminated them entirely? The earth's resources are comparatively limited. Inferior breeds of animals, cattle, swine and human—encumber the ground.

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In 1940, the world, its hemispheres, islands and oceans, with all the facilities of modern science, might have been the survival heritage of one hundred and twenty-five millions of people. In accord with the suggestion, to have been a humble German in 1940, might have meant much.

A little learning is not more likely to lead into error than a limited vision. The person with a preconceived theory views the plain of the world's past from the mountain crest of the present, and at once fixes his penetrating gaze upon a pin-head. To that minute surface, attracted by some whim of the will, he gives his undivided attention. Nothing else in all that wide expanse—in all the complex facts of history—can he see. Led by intuitive genius, his comprehensive glance catches and holds the pin-head, and there it rests.

Certain deep students of European affairs hold that the World War of 1914 followed inevitably the result of the Battle of Waterloo. At any rate it followed the battle, something like a hundred years thereafter. Other equally deep wells of knowledge opine that Martin Luther's discovery of Protestantism was the cornerstone of this most terrible of wars. Russia's desire for Constantinople and the shaken balance of power in the Balkans are alleged causes, as convincing as other pin-head theory. Also we are impressively informed by the savants that racial antipathy between the Slavs and Teutons, unquenchable and not to be appeased except by a death grapple of brute forces, is the positive cause of the tragedy which has cast its shadow over the world's civilization. The commercial supremacy of Germany and the bitter jealousy of England provides another theory as to why Great Britain, unarmed and unprepared, deliberately provoked this war.

None of these highly ingenious and improbable hypotheses happen to diagnose the true reason for the present disorder in Europe. The motive—the cause of it all—is so evident and of such a simplicity that with hesitation do I lay it bare. It is this: The swine trough, while long and deep, was neither long enough nor deep enough to satisfy the Prussian appetite. Were it not that one must ever bear in mind the ultimate beneficence to the world which lies behind the chasm created by strife and unseemly violence, with even greater reluctance would I offer

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the analysis of our national character,—qualities which in blended combination have made us the unusual race we are. The Prussian in truth possesses the heart of the lion and the stomach of the hog; the eye of the eagle and the beak of the buzzard; the patient brain of the scientist and the dormant lust of the savage. The Gott that created us, our wants and our passions, created a very complex animal—Dr. Jekyl, Mr. Hyde and the Devil himself. With reluctant admiration I state the facts.

What we wanted was the world. We wanted it absolutely and in toto; its resources for our own, its human male population for hard labor, and when past their prime, as fertilizer for rebuilding the soil; the young and comely females as household slaves and concubines. The old, according to their chemical analysis, for the orchard and the vineyard.

There are erudite persons of the double-goggled, owl-eyed type who hold that we wish political dominance of the world. 'Political dominance' is a vague term with which to define what we want, or possibly what we wanted. If the weasel which enters a fowl-house at midnight is there to acquire 'political dominance,' so would political dominance have satisfied us. Our want was simple. We wanted everything. If our want seems a trifle sordid, kindly remember that its magnificence destroys such an accusation. As the weasel, primarily we wanted blood. We wanted blood on the ground ankle deep. We wanted blood to satiety. We wanted to rouse the terror begotten of extreme violence. We wanted the terror of death to creep into the hearts of every inferior civilization. "Political dominance!" Uh!

So much for what we wanted. Failing to rend with tooth and fang, we are come face to face with that law laid down some two thousand years ago: He that liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword. When the rabble of the world shall finally overrun our stronghold and crush us into the dust, let it be understood we have no regret other than our destruction. The fate of our women and other property in no wise concerns us. Do with these things as you will. Feed the living to the Hottentots. Make them into broth for the Islanders of the South Seas. In the height of our power we made clear the policy of blood and iron in Belgium and Northern France. It is

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an old adage "Woe to the conquered." We are great believers in long-established truth.

Returning to the discussion of the property we shall doubtless leave to the oncoming horde, a woman is an animate household chattel and as such should not be injured or broken by the owner. This is an axium of ordinary economy. Such property is a vested interest and should be frugally preserved. Among the Germans of the lower social orders the human females were formerly yoked with the oxen in the fields.

The German woman who has borne and nourished a male German child, later in life bows before the imperious temper of her lion whelp. This fact is one of the most impressive evidences of our kultur. This woman, involuntary agent of a higher destiny, recognizing the superiority of her offspring to herself in brain and brawn and in the sight of Gott, accepts with a certain pride and a hint of philosophy her humble place. Our social system has been admirably established.

Among the junkers, lords of central Europe and not so long ago prospective lords of the world, we have always been more considerate than the yokel class of those who in fact by our production do make possible our continued existence as an order. The name of every female of the family is recorded, so that at all times we have for reference the pedigree and identity of each. In some households the women are permitted to breathe as often or as seldom as they choose. In other households, the intake of oxygen is regulated by decree. In this way we keep the weaker sex in a proper and respectful frame of mind. However, in many ways, we humor the creatures. We permit them to bedeck themselves with gaudy finery — feathers, beads and pieces of red, pink and lavender silk. They call these woven frills perspirators or sweaters. Many weaves of brilliant cloth have in fact been created, catering to the vanity which we see fit to humor. We provide the pretty, silly things with bits of stone and metal, more or less rare, with which they ornament their fingers, ears and noses. Occasionally they paint their faces, though we do not encourage this practice of the North American Indian.

Togged up in all their gewgaws, we assemble them at stated intervals and appraise their points, scoring five points for a straight nose, seven for good eyes, three for a pair of slim ankles and nine counts for a handsome figure. These values

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being duly established and recorded, we sell off the young stock quietly and reapportion it among our various households. Necessarily to save a few tears and some slight annoyance, we tell the bargainees nothing of these private matters. What is unknown to them need not affect their peace of mind, and we always provide legal and ecclesiastical mummery, impressively intoned. Nor do we forget a few extra bales of finery, plumes of the ostrich and the bird-of-paradise.

Afterward to keep them fairly content and to provide outdoor exercise, we have scattered through the empire a few dozen of those elaborate grounds invented by the Ladies of Hell; otherwise the Kilties of Caledonia.—To digress, only a shower of pennies will save us when the Ladies charge over No Man's Land.

On these golf courses, as provided, our women are supposed to disport themselves, but as usual, everything is subserved to the dominant idea of their existence. So profusely, so heavily, so strikingly do they array themselves that a peacock strutting through the grounds is unobserved. With lace over their fingertips, plumes fluttering on their heads, crimped in steel and whalebone, it is impossible for them to hit the ball. Also the multifarious color effects distract their attention from the presumptive business in hand. In fact, the golf ball and the canary sweater offer further opportunity for the only enterprise which to our fair ones is of supreme importance. The female of the human race and the male of the peacock tribe alone know the extent of their ambition.

From the above suggestive outline, it may be readily inferred that we suffer under no delusions regarding our angels on earth. In the scheme of our existence, there is not much place for the authors of our purely physical existence and that of our sons—when once we cease to exist. For the fate of our animate chattels we have little or no concern. I repeat: Do what you will with our Birds-of-Paradise when we have departed. "After us the deluge."

With reference to our oft-repeated phrase "Freedom of the Seas," it may be well to state that this combination of words was inspired by a cardinal principle of art. Goethe, our eminent poet, several years ago discovered that implication usually affects a stronger impress upon the mental state than a blun-

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dering cudgel of direct assertion. Implication is in the nature of suggestion. Suggestion stimulates the imagination. Imagination warps many a fact.

What Prussian demand desired to imply by reiterated statement was simply this: We and all other nations of the earth are being unjustly, unfairly, illegally and outrageously overborne by the superior sea power of Great Britain. That power should be eliminated, if the romantic days of the Spanish Main and the methods of the Viking bold are permanently to return.

A century and a half ago Messrs. Bill Teach, Leon Gasparilla, Absolom Blue-Beard and Sam Yaller-Whiskers, maritime folk such as we aspired to be, had a similar complaint against superior naval force. This force unjustly exerted strong-arm methods upon the open seas—waters presumably free to every enterprise of mankind from Queen Dido's time to the present.

The above provides the implication. Proceeding, however, an inch farther into our mental state—behind the scenes as it were—what we should consider an ideal arrangement is this: Germany should be permitted to maintain the greatest army on the globe. No other nation should be permitted a superior naval force. This in our opinion is perfect equilibrium. Germany should be left free to sweep over Belgium, France and Russia at her convenience. She should also be in a position to extend these operations over the seas and import all food and ammunition which she might require in taking the boon of civilization to the benighted countries surrounding her.

Germany creates the law of the dry land, this law being agreeable to the Kaiser, to the junkers and to Gott. Germany by reason of the prerogative stated, should also be permitted to write the law of the wet seas.

If there be a doubt remaining, I cite you to natural history, evidencing the mind and will of Gott. The crocodile is master of the African river. He also rules its muddy banks.

I ask you: Is there ~~any~~ flaw in this logic?

And now, from measured and deliberate cynicism, I shall pass to an attitude more in keeping with the standards of a laboring world-democracy. No longer will I deride, since the

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day is closing and the house must be put in order. We must look to the fateful hour.

Von Moltke's favorite aphorism was "First ponder, then dare."

We rulers of Germany, we of the military party, we of the General Staff, faithfully followed the advice of our dead leader. Through many years we pondered and constructed. We were pondering and working to achieve one end. We believed that with such a nation as the German nation, with the enormous resources we were laying by, at the right moment we could crush the world, or so much of it that the unconquered portion would be ours when we again stored resources for the culminating struggle.

In the vernacular of the Americans, we proposed the greatest poker game ever played, but our hand was not good enough. The men who guarded the gates of democracy were too strong, and there was too much of democracy. From every continent, from the islands of the seven seas, they came and died before our ramparts; but their blood rose steaming in red mist from the ground, and behind that phantom barrier, countless legions formed. They in their turn came on and died — in the language of one of your great men — "to make the world safe for democracy."

Barring the unexpected, our race is run; the end of all things comes at last. Yet before I vanish forever down the gray corridor that leads to the shades below, permit me a constructive criticism, my sole contribution to a philosophy of government that does not lean on the sword: Democracy is wasteful of its strength, since it is forty per cent ineffective; nor is it actually free. Freedom is a chimera. Its votaries eat of the golden apples of Hesperides and believe they have attained the western gates of Paradise. The vaunted institutions of democracy! The demagogue! The wrecker! Ye pass from one short autocracy to the next autocracy, as the film pictures follow each other.

If democracy could but combine the spirit if its institutions with the effectiveness of militant Germany, the millennium would be at hand. Doubtless such a dream is as impossible as that an unfettered, irresponsible human will should continue for long benevolent to the creatures which fate, Providence, or the great God entrusted to its care.

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In touching on the problems of attempted world conquest, I have necessarily drawn attention to the bulking, looming factors—the larger things. They have been heaped before you in a great mass, boulder on boulder, jagged stone on stone,—the problems, the plans, the facts, with which statesmen must deal and in which they must traffic. But the crevices! The crevices, in the huge mass where with giant engines we have heaped the boulders, are not damp and shaded cavities. They are filled—filled and reeking with the supreme tragedies of a thousand million human beings—in theory at least of such flesh and blood as our own, born under the same sky, warmed by the same sun, breathing the same air, created by the same Gott.

The unfittest fill the cavities,—dead, dying and long dead. The fit also are there, if steadfast courage to the last drop of blood and the last spark of the good sunlight offers the outline of a knight in armor. Here love's young dream has been stilled forever. The callow youth has been taken, the pride of some mother's heart; and the anguish in her breast is matched by the anguish in ten million human breasts. The daughter has been given—and given in a way that drove to madness those who loved her best. The father is gone, leaving the widow and the orphan. Supreme efforts of the master minds of the race, evidenced by what they left the world in concrete form—all have been destroyed and the pitiful ashes assist in filling the crevices where the boulders are heaped—heaped there by great statesmen. Great, I again affirm; for by the width of a hair only they failed to loot and devastate the world.

Sometimes, long after the midnight hour, when vitality is at its lowest ebb, even the vitality of the Fiend himself, I have strange twinges of conscience. Of late they have recurred with greater frequency. Seldom a night now passes that I do not find myself staring wide-eyed into the still darkness, waked by some vivid and terrible dream. First, these dreams came in the form of gigantic loss and suffering. Once a skeleton chattered to me through its yellow teeth: "A thousand years of patient human labor destroyed! Half a thousand million people homeless or sent to their graves!"

I awoke, distinctly annoyed; but after consideration I decided it was not feasible to place the sign "Verboten" in the path of a ghost.

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On another occasion a black figure stood at the side of my couch and ground out in accents which Hindenburg could not surpass—"For the murderers of my people I have the fires ready—the everlasting fires—the fires that burn forever."

I awoke in a cold sweat. This time I was not annoyed. When an apparition speaks in the accents of Hindenburg, the hapless one addressed usually has a sensation not closely akin to annoyance.

Later I hear the hiccoughing wails of children, slowly quieted by cold and starvation. I have seen a serried row of little boys in soldier garb lying where they had met the wild enemy charge without giving ground. Three short years before at some mother's knee each had offered his simple child's prayer. I have seen in my dreams the smile of a dying girl, fading almost imperceptibly, as a last beam of the winter sun slips away. I have seen women and little ones struggling in the cold black waters of the sea. They have strangled before my eyes and sunk into fathomless depths.

Gradually my sleep has become more and more broken. I have no longer that feeling of calm conviction which once wrapped my conscience round like a warm garment. One might think that the Gott of the Prussian would guard my slumbers, but such most emphatically is not the case. I have given this aspect of the matter serious consideration and after elaborate and painstaking experiment, the conclusion has been forced on me that the Gott of the Prussians has been driven off by the God who rules the Universe; which seems to provide the deduction that the God of the regions beyond the Rhine is the God with whom we, in common with all mankind, must finally have our reckoning.

Of late, harrassed by day and harried by night, I have begun to feel a disintegration of the spirit. Last night a voice sounded from the solid wall: "The blood of my children cries from the ground. As ye have spilled their blood, ye have spilled my blood."

We have taken millions of human lives, lives which belonged to the Creator of the worlds. It is a fact to give us pause, and to be frank, it is a distasteful fact, an uncomfortable fact. So uncomfortable has it become that at last I am beginning to feel the panic of an unreasoning terror. Gladly would I pray, for

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mercy, for a grain of mercy; but the thought of our crimes, executed with fiendish ingenuity, deters me. God might not hear. God WOULD not hear. If there is mercy for us, Mephistopheles himself should be returned to the streets of the golden city, and take his place with the angels of light.

I have discussed our future fate, which deals with the spiritual, reserving for the last that which is most important to a Prussian—our material fate and physical end.

When the time of earthly reckoning comes, shorn of the power which has brought tragedy to the human race, we shall retire to the mountain we have fortified on the rim of the Black Forest. We have fortified it as no mountain was ever fortified in the history of war. Within its mighty caverns stores and supplies of every nature have been placed, abundant for our needs. Here at last will gather the men of the twenty-two German states responsible for the most terrible war of all time. Here they will make their final stand, neither asking nor expecting quarter. We are stern enough to refuse a boon we should never have given. Besides our world is slowly burning. For us, not much is left.

In the heart of the mountain mass, almost unshaken by the boom of seige guns, 'midst light and music we will sit at our last banquet. We will sing a good old drinking song. The grottos where the shadows are deep will echo to the full-throated roar of a hunting song. With flagon held high, we will drink to the health of our indomitable leader, as in days gone by. We will drink again to our lost adventure. And when we go out into the cannon's mouth to accept the long sleep, the mightiest organization ever fashioned by human hands will have passed in blood and flame.

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